

VOL. 5 NO. 8

NOVEMBER 1945

# The Shadow comics

10¢

THE  
**SHADOW**

Meets Evil's  
Greatest Genius

**THE TALON**

and proves that

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

IF YOU CAN DO THIS  
STEP — YOU CAN  
DANCE IN 5 DAYS



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Check full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

\* \* \*

# Lovely DALE EVANS Says: "IT'S EASY TO LEARN DANCING!"

Dale is Right

...and This Book will Teach  
You in 5 Days...or NO COST!

LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,  
INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA,  
CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT  
and WALTZ!

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular . . . have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

#### EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

#### MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books Free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when All Three Books are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS INC., DEPT. 839H, 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!



Let us send you this Gift, included  
FREE of any extra charge—2 addi-  
tional Books—"Tip Top Tapping"  
and "Swing Steps." Learn extra  
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PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1790 Broadway, Dept. 839H, New York 19, N.Y.

Send me by return mail, in plain wrapper  
"Dancing," by Betty Lee, and include 2 free

books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98  
plus postage.

I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid.

If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may  
return the book and you will refund purchase  
price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

# The Shadow Finds The Talon



ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS THE MENACE OF AN INSIDIOUS MASTER MIND CALLED THE TALON, WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE EVEN THE POLICE DENY... IN PROVING TO CROOKS THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, THE SHADOW HAS SEEN THE CLAW OF THE TALON ENTER TO CLUTCH THE LOOT THAT OTHERS LOST... SO THE SHADOW, STUDYING THE TALON'S WAYS, HAS MADE IT HIS MAJOR PURPOSE TO FIND AND DESTROY THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF INJUSTICE!!!

WHERE ARE  
WE BOUND  
TODAY,  
LAMONT?

TO AN AUCTION  
WHERE THERE  
MAY BE  
ACTION!



THIS GALLERY  
SELLS ART  
TREASURES  
AND IN  
WHOLESALE  
LOTS!

MY WORD!

TO  
DAY



BUT WHY  
SHOULD THE  
AUCTION  
HOUSE BE  
HERE?

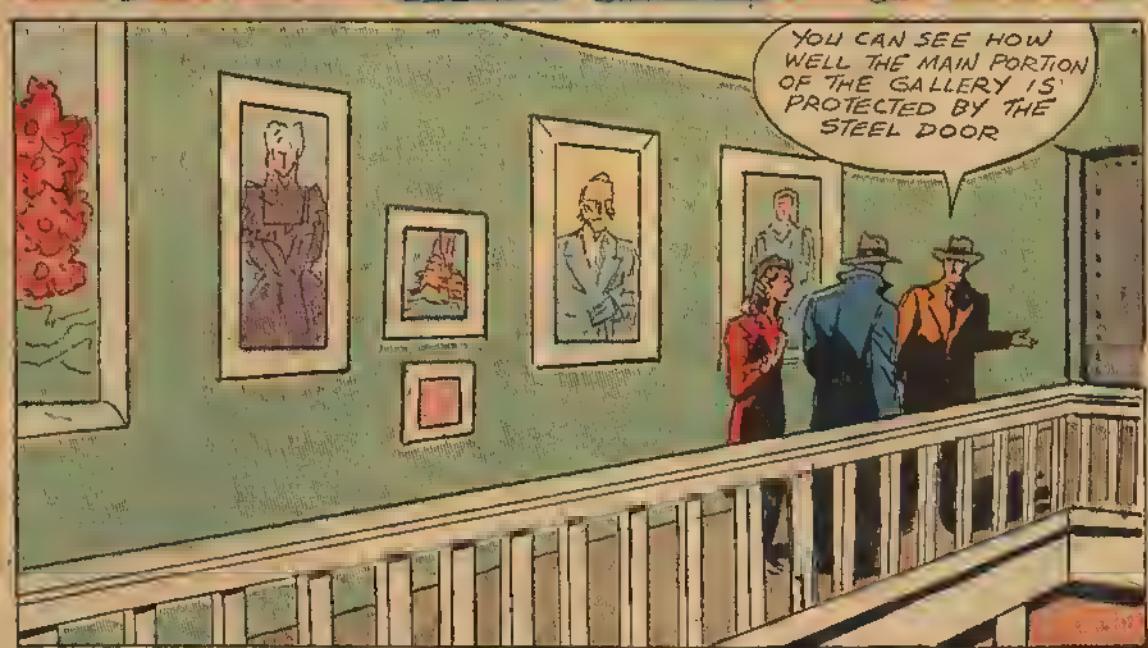
BECAUSE IT'S  
NEAR THE BIG  
WAREHOUSES  
WHERE THE ART  
OBJECTS ARE  
STORED!



THEN IT  
MUST BE  
CUSTOMARY  
FOR POLICE  
TO BE AT  
THESE  
AUCTIONS!

NOT ALWAYS,  
MARGO. THIS  
IS A SPECIAL  
OCCASION. HERES  
THE POLICE  
COMMISSIONER  
...HE'LL TELL  
YOU WHY!





BUT THERE'S ONE THING TO REMEMBER, MARGO. THIS WHOLE COLLECTION WAS BROUGHT IN FROM EUROPE, WHERE THE TALON USED TO OPERATE

YES, THAT'S RIGHT

AND HERE THE GALLERY ENDS IN A SOLID WALL, MAKING IT DOUBLY SECURE!

NO ROBBERY COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN HERE!

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ROBBERIES LATELY OF ART TREASURES THAT WERE BROUGHT FROM EUROPE DURING THE EARLY STAGES OF THE WAR...

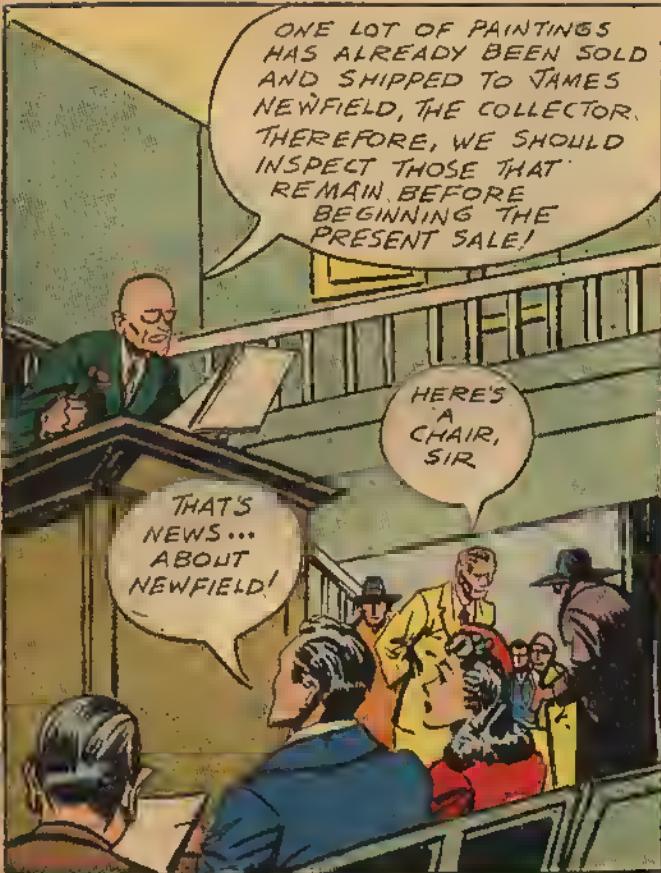
LAMONT! LOOK!

LOOK AT WHAT?

THAT SCRUB-WOMAN! I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE...

IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHERE!

TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER, MARGO. THE AUCTION IS STARTING NOW.



THERE WAS MONEY STOLEN  
FROM THE CRIME MUSEUM, AND  
LAMONT CLAIMED THE  
TALON TOOK IT!



SINCE CRIME IS  
DUE HERE FIRST,  
I'D BETTER GET  
BUSY... AS  
THE SHADOW!

DID I  
FEEL A  
DRAFT  
?



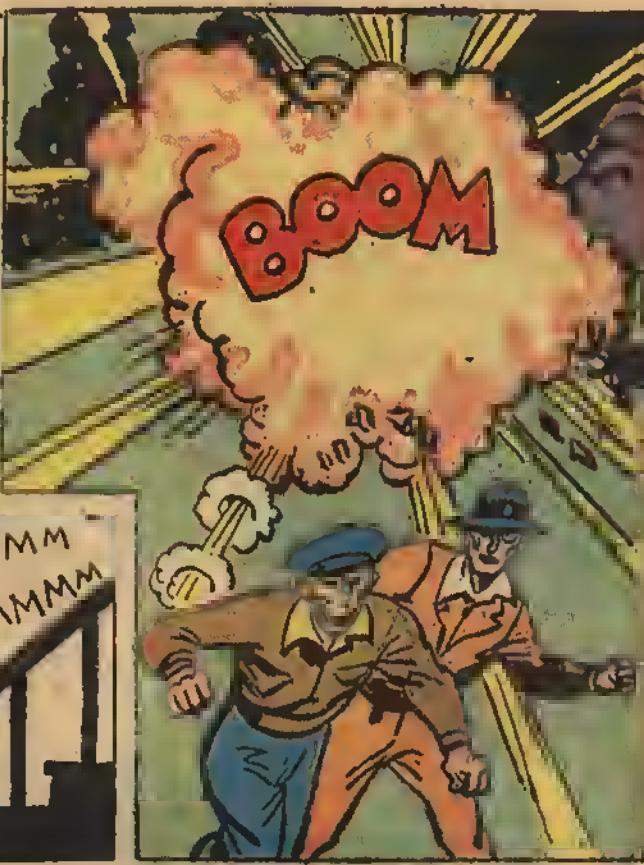
... AND IN MY OPINION, CRIMES  
SALIENT MUST BE THAT  
BOWLING ALLEY ABOVE  
THE BARBER SHOP  
NEXT DOOR!



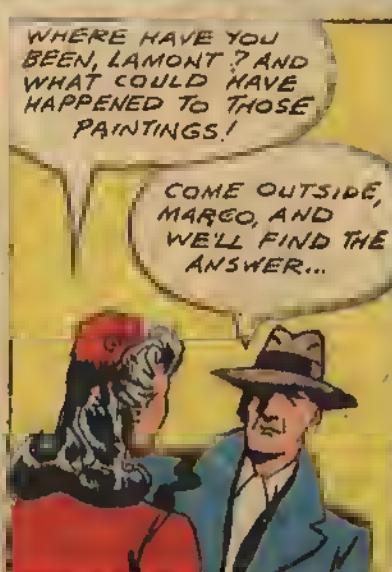
I OUGHT  
TO TELL  
LAMONT,  
BUT WHERE  
IS HE?

ALRIGHT,  
LUGS!  
STAND BACK  
WHILE I  
HEAVE THIS  
PINEAPPLE!









UP THERE! FROM THAT SMOKE, I'D JUDGE THAT SOMEBODY PILED THOSE PAINTINGS IN THE FURNACE!

THE OLD MAN... THE ONE THAT WAS TOO FEEBLE TO GO UP TO THE GALLERY...

...OR PRETENDED HE WAS TOO FEEBLE! BUT WHY WOULD HE BURN THE PAINTINGS? WELL COVER THAT LATER, MARGO. GET US OUT TO NEWFIELD'S, SHREVY!

OKAY BOSS

WHY YES, CRANSTON, I COLLECT COSTUMES, TOO. YOU SHOULD FIND SOME THAT WILL MATCH A FEW OF THESE PAINTINGS

HEAR THAT, MARGO? GO FIND YOURSELF A BALLET COSTUME... UNLESS YOU'D RATHER BE A WITCH!

SO THIS IS NEWFIELD'S! IT LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH SO FAR!

IT WON'T BE WHEN THE TALON GETS HERE, MARGO!

BUT IF I'M TO TAKE THE PAINTINGS PLACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT IT FROM IT'S FRAME, WON'T YOU?

WHY NOT... IF WE DON'T, THE TALON WILL... WHEN HE GETS HERE!

I PREFER THE BALLET OUTFIT...



NOT WORKING FOR  
THE TALON YET, BUT  
I WILL BE WHEN HE  
LEARNS HOW I HAVE  
HELPED HIS  
GAME!

SINCE YOU HAVE  
HELPED MY GAME,  
SUPPOSE YOU  
TELL ME WHO  
YOU ARE AND  
WHAT YOU KNOW!

THEY CALL  
ME THE  
HAG. I TRAILED  
YOU, TALON,  
TO LEARN  
YOUR WAYS

I SAW YOU BURN THOSE  
PAINTINGS AT THE ART  
GALLERY. THEY WERE  
FAKES THAT YOU SOLD  
FOR FULL PRICE!

THAT  
SOUNDS  
INTERESTING.  
TELL ME  
MORE

YOU ARE RIGHT,  
HAG. THESE  
PAINTINGS THAT  
I SOLD NEWFIELD  
ARE ALSO  
FRAUDS. THEY  
MUST BE  
DESTROYED,  
TOO

I'LL CUT  
THIS ONE,  
FROM ITS  
FRAME AND  
THEN WE CAN  
SEARCH FOR  
THE OTHERS,  
TALON!

NOW YOU HAVE  
SMUGGLED THE  
ORIGINALS FROM  
EUROPE AND TO SELL  
THEM, YOU MUST  
DESTROY THE COPIES!





MORE LUCK FOR  
THE TALON, HAVING  
THAT CAR HANDY!

BUT MAYBE WE  
CAN STILL FIND  
WHERE THE HAG  
WENT!



THERE SHE IS...  
LUCKY ENOUGH TO  
BE JOINING THE  
GETAWAY!

WELL, WE SAVED  
THESE FAKE  
PAINTINGS, BUT  
WHAT GOOD  
ARE THEY?

THEY WILL BE  
EVIDENCE,  
NEWFIELD, TO  
PROVE YOUR  
CLAIM TO THE  
ORIGINALS  
WHEN WE FIND  
THEM ALONG  
WITH THE  
TALON!

AT LEAST WE'VE  
PROVED THAT  
THE TALON  
EXISTS, AND  
THAT'S TRAIL  
ENOUGH FOR  
THE SHADOW!



—AND  
**THE SHADOW**  
CATCHES UP WITH  
**THE TALON**  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IF YOU CAN'T  
BUY A  
**WAR BOND**  
INVEST IN  
**WAR STAMPS**

# DOC SAVAGE

in  
the...  
**UNSEEN  
HARPIST!**

G. HOST,  
INDEED!  
A FINE NAME  
FOR A GUY  
WHO CLAIMS  
TO BE ABLE  
TO RAISE  
GHOSTS!

SH-H... WE  
HAVE TO  
PRETEND TO  
BE DUPES,  
IF WE ARE  
TO GET THE  
GOODS ON  
THIS FELLOW

W

HEN GHOSTLY HANDS  
PLUCK AT HARP STRINGS...  
IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE  
TIME FOR DOC AND HIS  
REDOUBTABLE PARTNERS  
TO DON WINGS AND JOIN  
IN THE CHORUS... BUT  
NOT WHEN DOC  
REALIZED THE ANSWER  
MIGHT BE IN AN  
OBSCURE ACOUSTICAL  
LAW!

FORSAKE ALL  
UNBELIEFS AS  
YE ENTER  
THESE PORTALS!

OOOF!  
OKAY...  
I'LL KEEP  
SHUT UP!

YOU'D BETTER!  
WE WERE  
HIRED TO FIN  
OUT IF THIS  
IS REAL OR  
FRAUDULENT  
AND WE  
WILL!

UH, HUH!  
IT  
STARTS

WELCOME! MAY YOU  
BE TRUE BELIEVERS...  
AS FOR THE UNBELIEVERS...  
THE SPIRITS MAKE SHORT  
SHIFT OF THEM!

IS  
THE  
SEANCE  
READY?

WE SHALL ATTEMPT  
CONTACT AS SOON  
AS THESE OTHER  
FRIENDS BECOME  
PART OF THE  
CIRCLE...

I  
SEE...

A SIGN... WE  
BESEECH A SIGN  
TO KNOW IF THE  
SPIRITS ARE  
PROPITIOS!

AH... THE  
SPIRIT HARPIST  
BIDS YOU  
WELCOME... WILL  
YOU, OH MIGHTY  
SPIRIT, HONOR  
US WITH A  
SELECTION?

THERE'S NOTHING NEW  
SO FAR... THIS IS ALL  
THE REGULAR HOCUS-  
POCUS... OH, OH...  
WHAT? THAT?

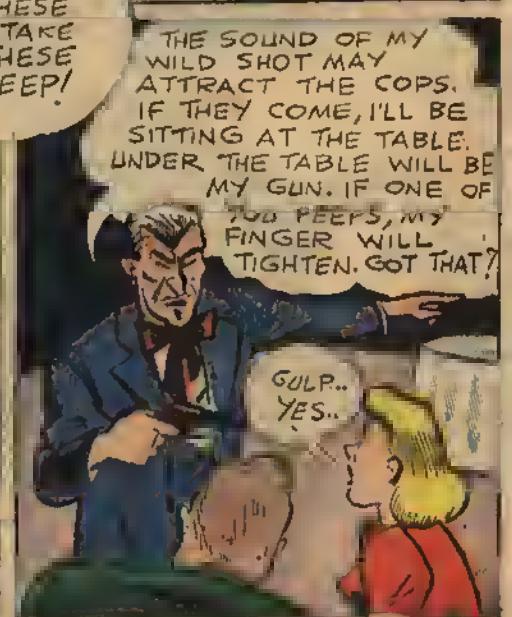
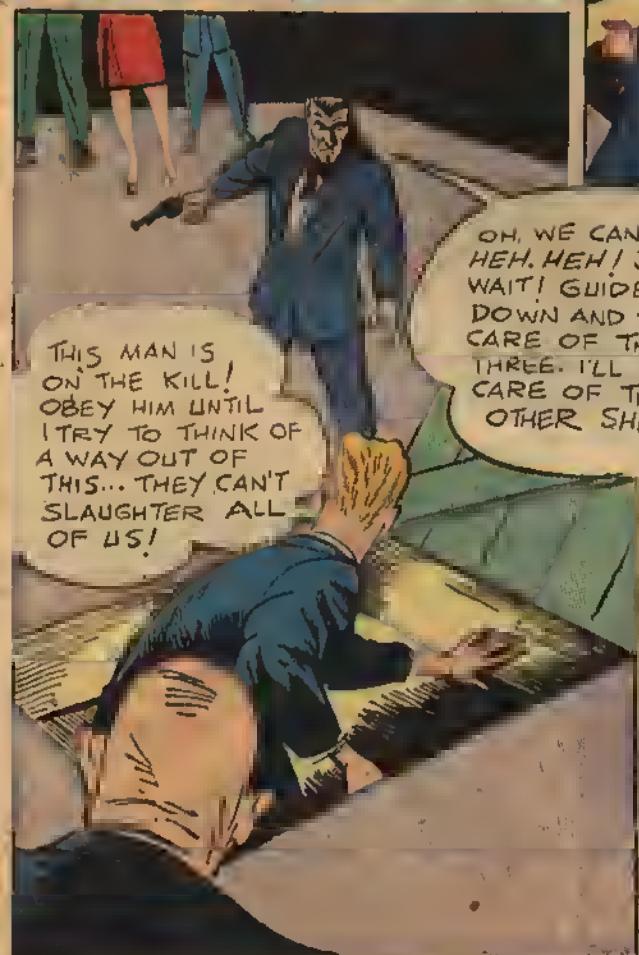
PING... ♪...  
...PING... ♪...  
BRK-BRNG... ♪...



THE SPIRITS ARE EVIDENTLY GOING TO BE VERY HELPFUL THIS EVENING... I SHALL ATTEMPT TO GO INTO A TRANCE... WHILE I AM IN THE TRANCE STATE, YOU MAY ASK QUESTIONS OF THE SPIRITS...







DOWN-STAIRS...

YA CREEP, DINCHA THINK  
WE THOUGHT OF THAT?  
WHY'D YA THINK YA STILL  
ALIVE? THE BOSS IS  
GONNA FLUFF OFF TH'  
COPS AND  
THEN WE'RE  
GONNA  
HAVE  
SOME  
FUN!

SAY, DOC... ITS  
NOT HOPELESS.  
THE SOUND  
OF THAT SHOT  
MAY BRING  
THE POLICE...

YA DONT THINK WERE  
AFRAID OF YER GHOSTS,  
COMIN' BACK AN HAUNTING  
US, DO YA?  
HA, HA!

SUDDENLY,  
THE SOUND  
OF HEAVY FEET...

DELICATE  
SENSE OF  
HUMOR,  
THE BOY  
HAS!

THUMP!  
THAT'S TH'  
FLAT FEET,  
ALRIGHT! HAHA..  
WHATCHA GONNA  
DO ABOUT IT?

THUMP!

THIS!

AURGH,  
WHAT  
TH'...

WHAT  
ROTEN LUCK.  
HIS GUN IS OUT  
OF REACH... IF WE  
HAD THAT WE COULD  
CALL THE COPS WITH  
A SHOT... BUT, WAIT...

WAIT FOR  
WHAT? FOR  
THAT KILLER  
TO COME AND  
KNOCK US  
OFF?

HOW YOU  
GUESS? THAT'S  
EXACTLY WHAT  
I'M GOING TO  
DO!

OH, FINE!  
AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS,  
DOC'S GOING  
TO FAVOR  
US WITH  
A PIANO  
SOLO!

DO YOU  
GET IT?

NOPE! BUT WHATEVER  
DOC'S GOING TO DO,  
HE BETTER DO QUICK!  
THOSE COPS AREN'T  
GOING TO STAY  
FOREVER!

BARANG

CRASH—

YOU DON'T THINK  
THE STRAIN IS TOO  
MUCH FOR DOC,  
DO YOU?

GULP!  
MAYBE...

UPSTAIRS....

ALWAYS READY  
TO COOPERATE  
WITH THE POLICE.

AND THEN  
CRASHINGLY,  
DISCORDANTLY...

THANKS MR.  
HOST... GUESS  
THE SOUND  
WAS A BACK  
FIRE AFTER  
ALL... COME  
ON, CLANCY

THE HARP  
THAT ONCE  
THRU TARA'S  
HALLS... HEY...  
WHAT'S  
MAKING  
IT PLAY  
?

THERE  
AIN'T  
NOBODY  
NEAR IT!

BARANG  
CRASH!

BLAST GUIDE! HE'S LET THEM GET AT THE PIANO... WELL, WHAT DIFFERENCE DO A FEW MORE BODIES MAKE!

PING... PING... PING!  
BRRING... BRRING... BRRING!  
PING... PING... PING!

HEY LISTEN...  
THREE SHORTS,  
THREE LONGS  
AND THREE  
MORTS!

THAT'S AN S.O.S.! THERE'S DANGER HERE...

HEY! LOOKA THIS!  
THIS ROD GOES DOWNSTAIRS...

OOOOCH...

DOWNSTAIRS

THIS ROD GOES DOWNSTAIRS.

THAT'S RIGHT.  
COME DOWN  
AND GET US!

I GUESS THAT WOODEN ROD HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE GHOSTLY HARP, HUH?

IT HAD EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT. THE END OF ROD DOWN HERB, RESTING AGAINST THE SOUNDING BOARD OF THE PIANO, TRANSMITTED THE SOUND RIGHT UP TO THE HARP! THE SOUND WAVES MADE THE HARP STRINGS VIBRATE AND IT SOUNDED AS IF

THE SONG WAS COMING FROM THE HARP!

THAT WAS - ONE TIME I THOUGHT WE'D WIND UP PLAYING HARPS!

NOW BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND!

# NICK CARTER SEVEN FEET TO FORTUNE

MANY AND BAFFLING HAVE BEEN THE PROBLEMS THAT HAVE FACED NICK IN HIS LONG CAREER AS A CRIME BUSTER. BUT PERHAPS NEVER BEFORE HAS HE MET ONE SO INTRICATE, SO BAFFLING AS THE CLUE OF THE FEET THAT WEREN'T!



IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I TOOK A  
VACATION UP IN THE NORTH WOODS.  
VACATION! HUH! A FINE VACATION!  
I WORKED AS HARD AS I DO AT HOME!  
NEAR MY CABIN WAS ONE BELONG-  
ING TO A POET.....

SHH... OH DEAR, NOW  
YOU'VE MADE ME LOSE  
MY RHYME! OH MY, I  
COME ALL THE WAY UP  
HERE JUST TO GET  
AWAY FROM PEOPLE  
AND....



WHAT THE...WHY  
THAT'S COMING FROM  
THE POET'S CABIN...

HELLLLP PPPPP  
HELP!

SINCE THAT WAS THE WAY HE FELT I LEFT, LITTLE  
THINKING I'D BE BACK IN AN HOUR!

YES, TAKE IT  
EASY MAN, I'LL  
DO EVERYTHING  
I CAN...

HELP....  
COME  
HERE....

I RAN....

WHAT? SPEAK UP  
MAN, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!

SEVEN... GASP...  
SEVEN... SEVEN  
FEET TO FORTUNE...  
SEVEN FEET... GEMS...

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! ALL HE HAD TIME TO  
DO WAS MUTTER A FEW WORDS....

HE'S DEAD...  
THAT NOISE...

CRACKLE...

WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW, THE DYING MAN DID,  
WAS THAT THE KILLER WAS OUTSIDE  
THE WINDOW...

TOO LATE. HE'S  
GETTING AWAY. I'D  
NEVER FIND HIM IN  
THAT UNDERBRUSH....  
LET'S SEE....

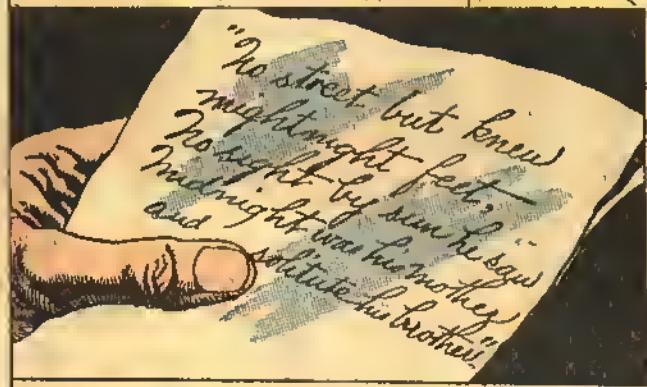


BUT WHEN I GOT  
TO THE WINDOW....

THE DEAD MAN,  
ART LIBRE, KNEW HIS  
KILLER WAS OUT THERE.  
SO HE TRIED TO TELL ME  
SOMETHING IN SUCH WISE  
THAT I'D GET IT, BUT THE  
KILLER WOULDN'T....  
LET'S SEE WHAT'S  
ON THIS....



SEVEN FEET TO  
FORTUNE.  
HUMMM...  
I BETTER  
NOTIFY THE  
SHERIFF.



THIS IS ALL VERY  
CONFUSING... I'D  
WISH HE'D BEEN  
ABLE TO BE A  
LITTLE CLEARER  
BEFORE....



I BETTER DROP THIS  
WHOLE MESS IN THE  
SHERIFF'S LAP AND TRY  
TO FORGET ABOUT IT,  
OR I'LL GET NO VACATION  
AT ALL!!



AT THIS MOMENT EVERYTHING  
BLANKED OUT....

WOW! WHAT A CLOUT!  
GOOD GRAVY... THIS  
MEANS THE KILLER  
CAME BACK AND...

WHATCHA WANT  
TO SEE ME ABOUT,  
CITY FELLER?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS BEFORE I CAME TO,  
I WAS ALL CRAMPED UP....

A LIKELY STORY.  
YE THINK JUST CAUSE  
I'M A BACKWOODS SHERIFF  
YE CAN GIT AWAY WITH IT.  
WELL, I HEARD OF PEOPLE  
HITTING THEMSELVES SO  
THEY'D HAVE ONE OF THESE  
NEW FANGLED ALIBI THINGS!

ME? I HEARD THE  
DEAD POET YELL FOR  
HELP AND CAME OVER  
HERE! THEN WHEN I  
WENT FOR YOU, SOME-  
ONE HIT ME!

HE CONKED ME  
AND SWIPED THE  
POEM!  
THE SHERIFF...  
I MUST SEE HIM...

?

THIS IS A PRETTY  
KETTLE OF FISH...  
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE  
TO SOLVE THIS IN  
SELF DEFENSE.

THERE'S  
BEEN A  
MURDER!

WAAL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?  
DO TELL! YOU MAY NT BELIEVE  
THIS BUT I KNOW IT! WHAT'S  
MORE, I GOT AN IDEE YOU  
GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH  
IT, YOU CITY CITY FOLKS  
ARE ALL ALIKE!

I HAVE THE FUNNIEST RECOLLECTION OF SEEING A WHALE JUST BEFORE I WAS KNOCKED OUT BUT THAT MUST BE PART OF MY DELETION... IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

COME IN HERE, YOU!

OH THIS IS ALL TO RIDICULOUS... THE DEAD MAN TRIED TO GIVE ME A MESSAGE. IT SEEMED TO HAVE TO DO WITH A POEM HE'D BEEN WRITING...

AS SURE AS MY NAME IS BRUBACH, YOU'RE TIED IN WITH THIS KILLIN'. THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANYONE HAVIN' BEEN HERE BUT YOU...

WAAL,  
WHERE'S  
THE POEM?

WHOEVER HIT  
ME TOOK IT...  
WAIT A MINUTE...  
A WHALE!

THAT WHALE!  
I DID SEE IT JUST  
BEFORE I PASSED  
OUT!

A KILLER FOR  
A SHERIFF!  
A FINE STATE  
OF AFFAIRS!

NO YOU DON'T...  
I'LL...

I'LL SHOOT YOU  
DOWN LIKE A SKUNK!  
AN' GOT A RIGHT TO...  
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS  
YOU TRIED TO  
ESCAPE!

IF THERE'S ANY-  
THING LIKE IT'S  
A NICE QUIET  
VACATION!

IT'S THE TATTOO  
ON YOUR WRIST!  
I SAW IT AS YOU  
CLOUTED ME!

I CAIN'T QUITE SEE HOW  
YOU CAUGHT ON THAT I DID  
THIS, BUT IT AINT GONNA DO,  
YOU MUCH GOOD WHEN YOUR  
DEAD, NOW IS IT?

THIS IS A FINE CASE! I KNOW  
WHO THE KILLER IS BUT I CAN'T  
PROVE IT AND WHAT'S MORE,  
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THE  
POET WAS TRYING TO TELL  
ME... POET...

WAAL NOW!  
IF THAT AIN'T  
ANNOYIN'!

SURE! GEE  
WHAT A  
CLEVER  
IDEA!

AURGH...  
AWK...

WHACK

I DIDN'T GO THRU  
ALL THIS JUST TO  
HAVE SOME NO-GOOD  
STOP ME! I'LL  
GET YOU OR...

POET. HE WAS A POET,  
HE WAS WRITING A  
POEM AND HE SAID  
'SEVEN FEET TO  
FORTUNE...' I YE GOTTA

IF I'M RIGHT  
AND I MUST BE,  
THE JEWELS  
MUST BE  
IN HERE...

HERE'S THE  
MOTIVE FOR THE  
MURDER. AND THE  
DEAD MAN TOLD THE  
TRUTH WHEN HE SAID  
'SEVEN FEET  
TO FORTUNE'

WHOA.. WAIT A MINUTE..  
FIRST.. WHERE'D THE JEWELS  
COME FROM? WHAT WERE THEY  
DOING IN SUCH AN IMPROB-  
ABLE PLACE?

THAT DIDN'T COME OUT TILL  
LATER AT THE TRIAL. THE  
POET AND THE SHERIFF  
HAD BEEN IN CAHOOTS. THE  
CAMP AT WHICH ALL THIS  
HAD HAPPENED WAS UP  
NEAR THE CANADIAN  
BORDER...

THE GEMS HAD BEEN  
SMUGGLED ACROSS THE  
BORDER. EVIDENTLY THE  
SAW HANDLE HAD BEEN  
USED AS HIDING PLACE TO  
FOOL THE CUSTOMS INS-  
PECTORS.

A QUESTION SNAPS NICK OUT OF THE  
STORY HE HAS BEEN TELLING...

UNH! I SEE THAT  
BUT NOW, WHY'D THE  
POET HOLD OUT ON  
THE TATTOOED  
SHERIFF?

WHEN.. WHAT A LOAD I'M  
NOT GOING TO BE ABLE  
TO CARRY HIM VERY FAR.. AND  
YET I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN

THE POET HELD OUT  
ON THE SHERIFF BECAUSE  
THE SHERIFF WAS HOLDING  
OUT ON THE PROFITS OF  
THEIR PREVIOUS HAUL!

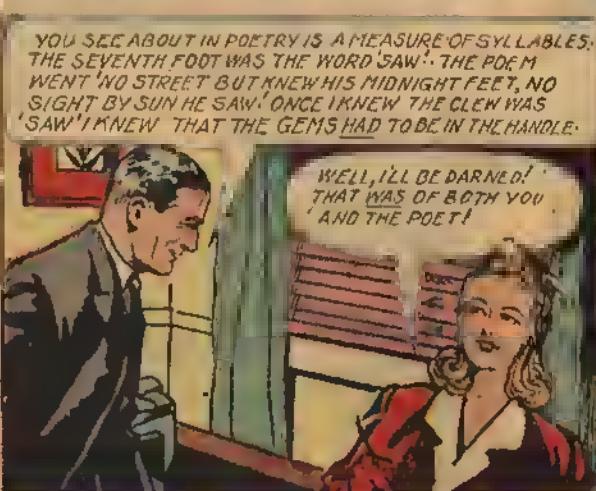
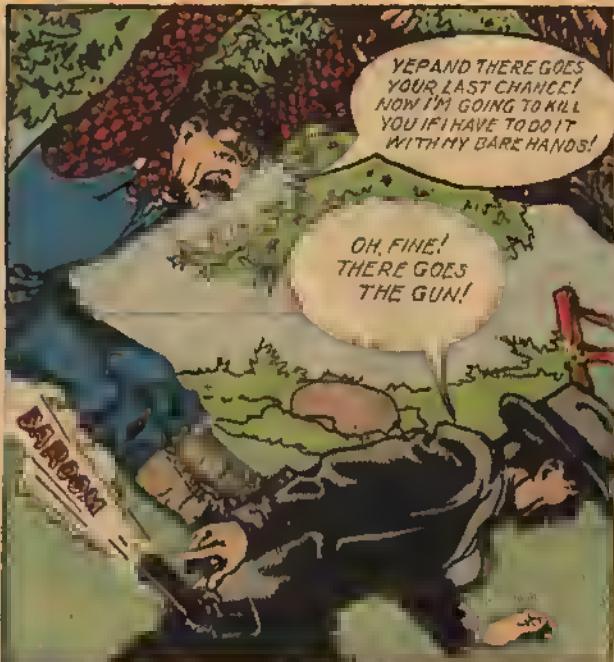
I GET IT. WHEN  
THEIVES FAIL OUT,  
OKAY, LET'S GET BACK  
TO THE WOODS.  
WHAT'D YOU DO  
THEN?

PUFF.. PUFF..  
ANOTHER HALF  
MILE...

HE'S GOT THE  
GUN.. ONLY ONE  
THING I CAN DO...

GOTTA GET  
THE GUN...

WHAT THE...  
HE'S COME TO...



## NICK CARTER

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**BROADCAST**  
**EACH SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

**CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER**  
**FOR TIME AND STATION**

# Chick Carter's INNER CIRCLE

## THE ONE LEGGED ELEPHANT

Chick Carter looking ill at ease in his newly redonned civvies, smiled at the members of the Inner Circle. He gulped, looked foolish, then said, "Unaccustomed as I have become to public speaking," then he paused again.

Beef said, "Take it easy, Chick, just pretend that we're a bunch of Fascist planes, you weren't afraid of them, so why should you be afraid of us, your friends?"

"Guess you're right," smiled Chick, "it's just that I've gotten out of the habit of speaking to friends, at least in big bunches. The easiest way, should be I guess, to get right into a story. That's what you're all here for."

Sue, anxious to be helpful and knowing the problems that Chick, like any returned serviceman, had to face in reorienting himself to civilian life, said, "The biggest puzzle to us, Chick, is the story that Nick called the 'Case of the One Legged Elephant.' What was that all about?"

"Gee, that was a funny one. At the beginning it seemed like it had all the elements of all the bad mystery stories you ever read. It had the rich old miser, dying in mysterious circumstances, the greedy nephew anxious to get his hands on the old man's dough-re-mi, the strange man seen flitting across the lawn just prior to the murder . . . yep, it had all that and more. It had an impossible murder!"

"It started, like this . . . Nick was out of town one night when I got a frenzied call from Alex B. Smartly. He was the nephew. He told me in jumbled sentences that his uncle, old Ronald Smartly was dead. Alex wanted to know if I'd rush right over. It was a beastly hot night that had brought back a little touch of my malaria and I'd have been much happier to stay right at home . . . but I knew I couldn't.

"When I got there and had been suitably impressed by the size of the house, its huge lawns and its very dilapidated furnishings, dilapidated because the old man had re-

fused to 'waste' money on its upkeep. I was conducted to the death room by Alex.

"It was a grubby little room, not very appetizing at any time, but doubly unappealing at the moment, with the old man's crumpled body laying about ten feet from the only window in the room. He was shot thru the head. But there was no sign of a gun. Alex wasted no time in calling this to my attention. He wanted, for some reason to assure me that this was no suicide.

"I found out the reason later. The old man carried about a quarter of a million dollar's worth of insurance. There was a double indemnity clause in it. If it was murder, Alex stood to get a half million instead of the measly \$250,000 that suicide would have brought.

"After I had poked around for a while, Alex would have been quite happy to lose the quarter of a million I was sure, for every sign pointed to murder, with Alex as the only one with a motive.

"Believe me," Chick said, "Alex sweated that night and it wasn't just the heat! Look around as much as I could, it still spelled murder. Here was an old man up in his room on the second floor looking over his accounts. No one was seen by the servants to have gone to the room, or near the room, but Alex!

"Then, to make it worse, I found the death gun and . . . it was Alex's! I found it downstairs out on the lawn, about three feet out from the side of the house. It was near what I can only say looked like the trail of a one legged elephant! This mark in the lawn was about a foot in diameter and sort of shapeless as though an elephant had stood there for a moment. It was a fairly deep depression about two inches down in the soft loam of the lawn. The gun was next to this. Fastened to the gun was a small length of string . . . ."

"Chick," said Beef, "I got it! Remember you told us about the Apache trick of tying some string to the trigger guard of a gun so that if they thought they were going to be caught they could whirl the gun around



# The SHADOW

Consult your local paper for time and station  
Starting Sunday September 9th 5:00 P.M. EWT

## GROVE LABORATORIES

KXOA	Sacramento, Calif.
KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
KGB	San Diego, Calif.
KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
KPMC	Bakersfield, Calif.
KVOE	Santa Ana, Calif.
KXO	El Centro, Calif.
KVEC	San Luis Obispo, Calif.
KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
KMYC	Marysville, Calif.
KDON	Monterey, Calif.
KIEM	Eureka, Calif.
KHSL	Chico, Calif.
KVCV	Redding, Calif.
KFRE	Fresno, Calif.
KYOS	Merced, Calif.
KALE	Portland, Ore.
KRNR	Roseburg, Ore.
KFJI	Klamath Falls, Ore.
KORE	Eugene, Ore.
KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
KAST	Astoria, Ore.
KUIN	Grant's Pass, Ore.
KWIL	Albany, Ore.
KBND	Bend, Ore.
KSLM	Salem, Ore.
KOL	Seattle, Wash.
KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
KIT	Yakima, Wash.
KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
KGY	Olympia, Wash.
KELA	Centralia, Wash.
KRKO	Everett, Wash.
KWLK	Langview, Wash.
KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.
KWAL	Wallace, Ida.
KRLC	Lewiston, Ida.
WGN	Chicago, Ill.
WIBC	Indianapolis, Ind.
WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
WGRC	Louisville, Ky.
CKLW	Detroit, Mich.

## CAREY SALT

KFEL	Denver, Colo.
WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
WLOL	Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
KBON	Omaha, Nebr.
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KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
WATL	Atlanta, Ga.
WJLD	Bessemer, Ala.
KBWS	Brownwood, Tex.
KROS	Clinton, Ia.
WRR	Dallas, Tex.
KDTH	Dubuque, Ia.
KFPW	Ft. Smith, Ark.
KFJZ	Ft. Worth, Tex.
WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
KLUF	Galveston, Tex.
KTHT	Houston, Tex.
WJXN	Jackson, Miss.
WPDQ	Jacksonville, Fla.
WMBH	Joplin, Mo.
WNEX	Macon, Ga.
WMLT	Dublin, Ga.
WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
WGBS	Miami, Fla.
WNOE	New Orleans, La.
KOCY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
KBIZ	Ottumwa, Ia.
KPAC	Port Arthur-Beaumont, Tex.
KSAL	Salina, Kans.
KMAC	San Antonio, Tex.
KTRI	Sioux City, Ia.
WTSP	St. Petersburg-Tampa, Fla.
KRBC	Abilene, Tex.
KBST	Big Spring, Tex.
KFRO	Langview, Tex.
KPLT	Paris, Tex.
KGKL	San Angelo, Tex.
KCMC	Texarkana, Tex.
KNOW	Austin, Tex.
KTEM	Temple, Tex.
WACO	Waco, Tex.
WAYS	Charlotte, N. C.
KRIS	Corpus Christi, Tex.
KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr.
WWPG	Palm Beach, Fla.
KTTS	Springfield, Mo.

Will Be  
Heard Over

# THE LARGEST List of STATIONS PROGRAM

FOR  
ANY

CAREY SALT COMPANY  
114 Stations

"BLUE COAL"  
26 Stations

GROVE LABORATORIES  
46 Stations

KOME Tulsa, Okla.  
KFBI Wichita, Kans.  
WROX Clarksdale, Miss.  
WCMI Columbus, Miss.  
WELO Tupelo, Miss.  
KFFA Helena, Ark.  
KMA Shenandoah, Ia.  
KSO Des Moines, Ia.  
WSIX Noshville, Tenn.  
WOEF Chattonooga, Tenn.  
WMT Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
KABR Aberdeen, S. D.  
KGDE Fergus Falls, Minn.  
DVFO Fort Dodge, Ia.  
KVOX Moorhead, Minn.  
KICO Spencer, Ia.  
KATE Albert Lea, Minn.  
KWLM Willmar, Minn.  
KWNO Winona, Minn.  
WALB Albany, Ga.  
KVAK Atchison, Kans.  
KWON Bartlesville, Okla.  
WJZM Clarksville, Tenn.  
WBLJ Dalton, Ga.  
WMSL Decatur, Ala.  
WAGF Dothon, Ala.  
KTSW Emporia, Kans.  
WGGA Gainesville, Ga.  
WRLC Toccoa, Ga.  
KIUL Garden City, Kans.  
KFXJ Grand Junction, Colo.  
KVBG Great Bend, Kans.  
WJPR Greenville, Miss.  
KWFC Hot Springs, Ark.  
WBHP Huntsville, Ala.  
KWOS Jefferson City, Mo.  
KBTM Jonesboro, Ark.  
KPAB Laredo, Tex.  
KFJB Marshalltown, Ia.  
WLAY Muscle Shoals, Ala.  
WJHO Opelika, Ala.  
KPDN Pampa, Tex.  
WDLP Ponoma City, Fla.  
KOTN Pine Bluff, Ark.  
KORO Sedalia, Mo.  
WHBB Selma, Ala.  
KRRV Sherman-Denison, Tex.

WFIG Sumter, S. C.  
WTAL Tallahassee, Fla.  
KGKB Tyler, Tex.  
WGOV Valdosta, Ga.  
KVWC Vernon, Tex.  
WAYX Waycross, Ga.  
KRLH Midland, Tex.  
WISE Asheville, N. C.  
WBBB Burlington, N. C.  
WAYS Chorlatte, N. C.  
WCNC Elizabeth City, N. C.  
WFNC Fayetteville, N. C.  
WGER Goldsboro, N. C.  
WGTC Greenville, N. C.  
WHIT New Bern, N. C.  
WRAL Raleigh, N. C.  
WCBT Roanoke Rapids, N. C.  
WSTP Salisbury, N. C.  
WGTM Wilson, N. C.

## BLUE COAL

WLSH Portland, Me.  
WSYB Rutland, Vt.  
WNAL Boston, Mass.  
WHYN Holyoke, Mass.  
WAAB Worcester, Mass.  
WEAN Providence, R. I.  
WNLC New London, Conn.  
WBRK Pittsfield, Mass.  
WTHT Hartford, Conn.  
WICG Bridgeport, Conn.  
WOR New York City  
WABY Albany, N. Y.  
WIBX Utica, N. Y.  
WWNY Watertown, N. Y.  
WOLF Syracuse, N. Y.  
WSAY Rochester, N. Y.  
WEBR Buffalo, N. Y.  
WHCU Ithaca, N. Y.  
WNBF Birmingham, N. Y.  
WBAX Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
WIP Philadelphia, Pa.  
WGAL Lancaster, Pa.  
WKBO Harrisburg, Pa.  
WFBR Baltimore, Md.  
WOL Washington, D. C.  
WBOC Salisbury, Md.

like a catapult and get rid of the evidence?"

"You're warm but not too warm! Not as warm as Alex was anyhow," chuckled Chick, "no . . . this string was the right length for the Apache trick, but that wasn't how it was used.

"I stood staring at the gun and the elephant footprint for a long time. Alex was standing next to me and hot as he was, his face was pale. He gasped when he saw the gun . . . 'That . . . that's my gun . . . Bbbbut . . . I swear I didn't kill him . . . I swear it!'"

"It was at this point that one of the servants joined us. He told us about having seen the shadowy silhouette of a man running across the lawn, away from the house, right after the shot was fired.

"Alex leaped on that as a solution of the crime. He insisted that the killer must have been some stray burglar who'd been seen by his uncle and had shot him in order to make his escape.

"As a matter of fact, as it turned out, the fleeing man had been a burglar, and a bad night he must have had! But he had nothing to do with the killing. He hadn't even gotten into the house. He'd been near the window when the shot rang out . . . then, this is his story as we got it later from the police, then he saw something about two feet in diameter, roughly circular, come flying thru the air. It almost brained him. That, coming right after the sound of the shot, scared him away.

"My next move was to go back up to the scene of the death. I looked at the position of the body, saw that it was a distance from the window and then walked to the window sill to find what I knew must be there. It was! Any of you know what I knew would be there?"

Sue's hand was the only one that went up. "Sure! You found a nick in the wood of the sill! Right?"

Chick smiled not so much at Sue who was right, as at the stunned faces of the other members of the Inner Circle who weren't as quick on the uptake as she was.

Beef in particular looked hurt. "How," he asked, "did you know and how in time does Sue know, that there had to be a nick there?"

Sue and Chick answered in unison, "Because of the footprint of the one legged elephant!"

All the other members groaned. Beef said, "Phooey! Go on with the story! I don't get it!"

"Now that I knew the modus operandi," went on Chick, "the only thing that bothered me was the motive!"

"But," said Beef heatedly, "certainly this guy Alex had a half a million motives!"

"Ah, ah," Chick shook his head, "but you see Alex had nothing to do with it!"

That did it. All the members but Sue and Chick looked dazed. They sat and looked at Chick as he continued, "I finally realized what the motive was, when I remembered that the dead man was a miser!"

Beef said disgruntedly, "Sure, sure, that makes it all as plain as mud. The nephew didn't do it; the burglar didn't do it. Go on. Now tell us that it was the butler and I'll throw something at you!"

Chick laughed. "No, it wasn't the butler. The finger that pulled the trigger belonged to old man Smartly himself. It was suicide, you see and not murder. Knowing that it was suicide, it took me a while to dope out why the old man had gone to so much trouble to make it look like murder. That was the reason his being a miser explained everything. He knew he was dying of heart trouble. But being a miser, he didn't want to lose any money, even after his demise. So he rigged this gadget so that the insurance company would have to pay out double indemnity!

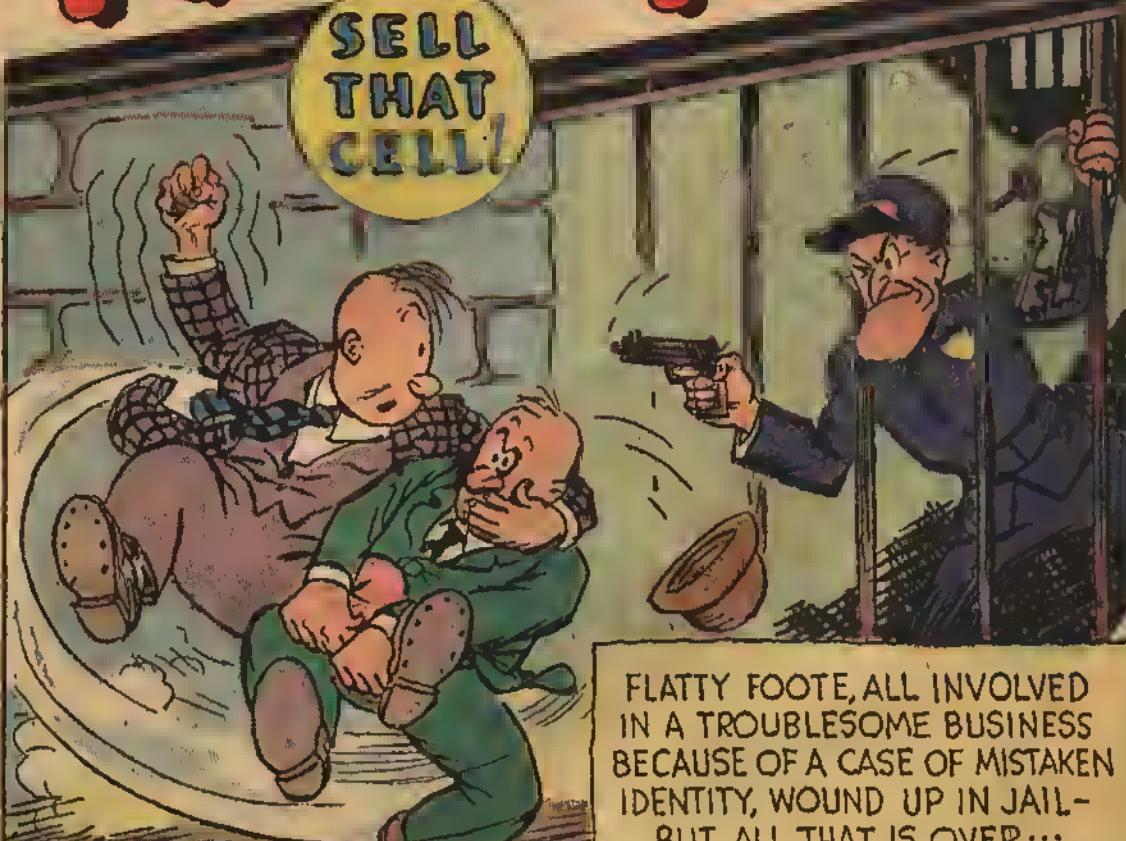
"I can see that," said Beef, "but what was the gadget?"

"The one legged elephant . . . a piece of ice was fastened to the string which in turn was fastened to the gun. When the old man pulled the trigger, the piece of ice was hanging out the window. As his fingers relaxed in death, the weight of the ice dragged the gun out the window, leaving the nick in the sill. The ice and gun, on the ground, were there for all to see . . . but it was a hot night as I told you and in no time at all the ice had melted leaving . . ."

"Leaving," finished Beef, "the shape of an elephant's foot! Oh fine!"

# Flatty Foote

SELL  
THAT  
CELL!



FLATTY! ALL YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! HERE'S YOUR PRINTS IDENTIFYING YOU! JAILED LET THE MAN ON YOUR LEFT, OUT!

FLATTY FOOTE, ALL INVOLVED IN A TROUBLESOME BUSINESS BECAUSE OF A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, WOUND UP IN JAIL - BUT ALL THAT IS OVER... EVERYTHING WILL BE SMOOTH SAILING FROM NOW ON IN.. OR WILL IT??

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN USE THIS DOPEY COP TO GET OUT FROM UNDER ON MY RACKET... LET ME SEE... I GOT IT!

WHEW -- GEE,  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
NEVER GONNA GET  
OUTA THERE!

PST

LISTEN YOU, PLAY IT SMART  
AND YOU MAY BE ABLE TO  
MAKE A BREAK!

NO KIDDIN'!  
IF I MAKE IT I'LL  
PAY YOU WELL,  
LANTERN!

NO REASON  
FOR YOU TO  
WORRY AT ALL,  
NOT WITH  
ME, PETER.  
PRANCE ON  
THE CASE!  
PISH  
TUSH!

YE BLAME RIGHT YOU'LL PAY  
ME WELL! WADDYE THINK I'M IN  
THIS FOR, MY HEALTH? GO ON  
BEAT IT, MAYBE YOU CAN BEAT  
THAT COP TO THE GATE!

AND IN CONCLUSION, MY FLAT  
FOOTED FRIEND, I TAKE IT VERY ILL  
THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DOUBTED  
MY ABILITY TO EXTRICATE YOU  
FROM THE PARLOUR PREDICAMENT  
YOUR RESEMBLANCE TO THAT  
CROOK GOT YOU INTO.

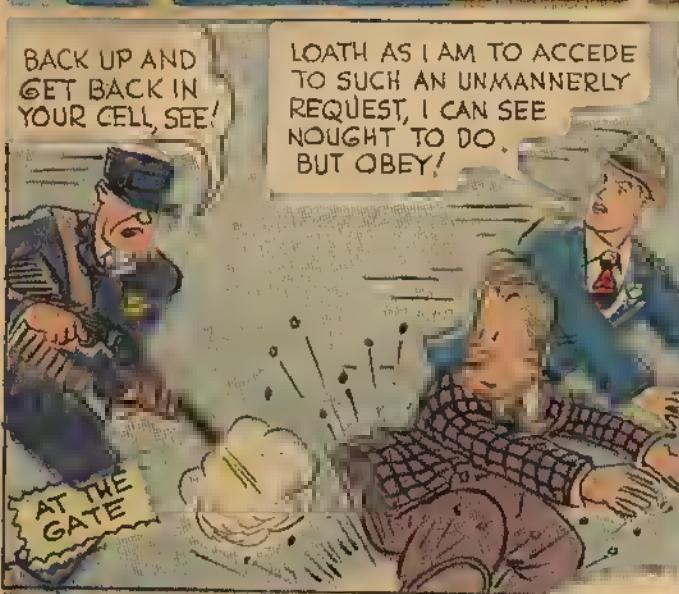
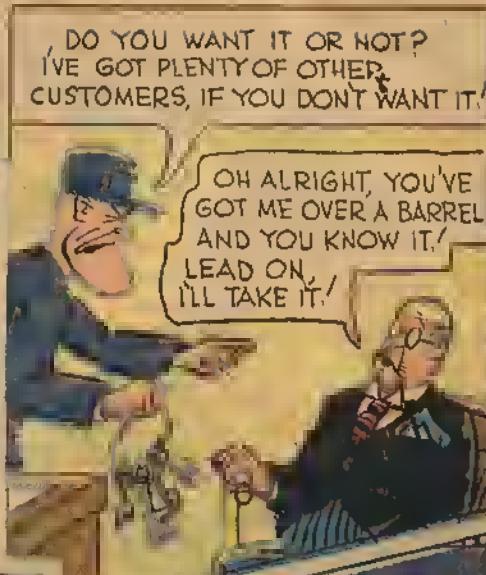
JEEPERS—  
THEY'RE CLOSE—  
IF I CAN ONLY  
GET TO THE  
GATE FIRST!

HEY YOU! STAND STILL! REACH  
FOR THE SKY OR I'LL AIR  
CONDITION YOU!

OH NO! DON'T TELL ME  
THIS IS GONNA START  
ALL OVER AGAIN! LOOK  
I'M THE DETECTIVE!  
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME!

I TOLDJA  
NOT TO MOVE!  
YOU'RE THE  
CROOK! THE  
COP JUST LEFT!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
IT'S HAPPENED!  
THE CROOK, YOUR  
DOUBLE HAS MANAGED  
TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE!  
OH DEAR...



FLATTY FOOTE? WHY YES,  
I SAW HIM LEAVE THE GATE  
JUST A WHILE BACK!

NO...NO!  
THAT WASN'T  
FLATTY FOOTE!

THE ONLY THING  
I CAN SEE IS TO  
PUT BOTH OF YOU  
IN A CELL TILL WE  
CHECK ON THIS  
PREPOSTEROUS  
STORY OF YOURS!

THEY'LL GET  
NO CELL  
FROM ME!  
I GOT  
OTHER  
PLANS!

PUT THESE MEN  
IN SEPARATE CELLS  
TILL WE CHECK ON THEM.

YES SIR,  
IMMEDIATELY  
SIR. COME ON  
YOU LUGS!

RIGHT THRU  
THAT DOOR  
YOU TWO!

OH DEAR,  
THIS IS ALL  
LIKE SOME  
BAD NIGHTMARE!

THAT IT IS,  
BUT DO NOT  
DESPAIR!  
I WILL THINK  
OUR WAY  
OUT!

I DOWANNA  
SEE EITHER  
OF YOUR  
PUSSES FOR A  
LONGTIME!  
GET IT!

YES SIR!

JAIL

I DON'T GET  
THIS! HE THREW  
US QUTA JAIL.

WHAT  
IN THE...

I'M ALL DIZZY!  
THIS DOESN'T  
MAKE ANY  
SENSE!

GET TO THE  
END OF THE LINE!

HEY...  
QUIT  
PUSHING!

A PAIR OF WISE  
GUYS TRYIN' TO GET  
IN AHEAD OF THEIR  
POSITION!

GWAN GET  
TO THE END  
WHERE YOU  
BELONG!

NOW I'M  
MORE DIZZY  
THAN EVER!

WHY SHOULD THAT LANTERN  
JAWED JAILER HAVE  
THROWN US OUT OF  
JAIL? AND SAY, WHAT.  
IS THIS LINE FOR?

PARDON ME SIR, BUT  
WHAT IS THIS LINE FOR?  
CIGARETTES, OR A  
THEATRE, OR WHAT?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? WE'RE  
TRYIN' TO GET ROOMS. DINCHA  
EVER HEAR OF THE HOUSING  
SHORTAGE?

GOOD GRAY,  
SO THAT'S IT!  
PRANCE COME ON!



HERE, HERE WHAT'S ALL  
THIS NOISE? IT'S NOT GOING  
TO DO ANYONE ANY GOOD!  
OOOOOF!

OH MY....  
THE DOOR  
OPENED! HEY,  
IT'S THE GUY  
WE WANT!



HERE, HERE WHAT'S  
THE MEANING OF ALL  
THIS? HOW DARE YOU  
ASSAULT MY JAILER?

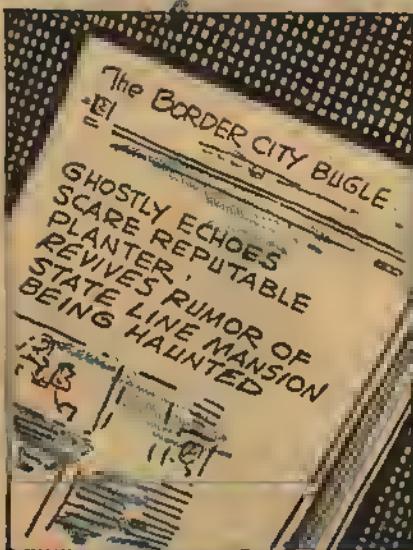
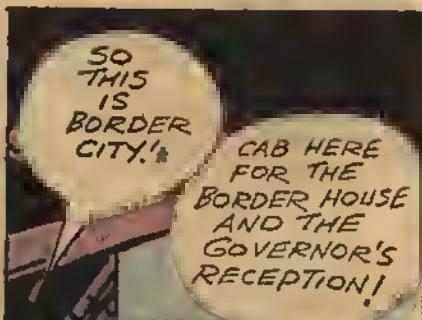
BECAUSE HE'S A CROOK!  
HE'S BEEN TURNING CROOKS  
LOOSE, LIKE MY DOUBLE,  
JUST SO HE COULD RENT  
CELLS TO PEOPLE WHO ARE  
WITHOUT ROOMS ON  
ACOUNT OF THE HOUSE  
SHORTAGE!



E. C. E.

# The Shadow Meets The WODAHS





WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THAT STORY,  
MARGO?

PROBABLY JUST SOME  
PUBLICITY STUNT



I'M MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
THE RECEPTION.  
JUST THINK, THERE  
WILL BE TWO  
GOVERNORS  
FROM ADJOINING  
STATES!

I'LL TELL YOU  
WHY, MARGO. BOTH  
STATES HAVE  
SUFFERED BANK  
ROBBERIES LATELY...

... AND THE  
GOVERNORS  
ARE HERE  
TO CONFER  
ABOUT  
IT

THEY ARE?  
WELL, I'M  
STILL MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
THE RECEPTION.  
I'LL SEE YOU  
LATER, LAMONT



GIVE ONE OF THESE  
TO EACH OF THE  
GOVERNORS

YES,  
SIR!



I WONDER  
WHAT ONE  
GOVERNOR  
IS SAYING  
TO THE  
OTHER?

CAN'T  
YOU  
GUESS?

I DON'T SEE  
LAMONT HERE.  
I WONDER...  
OR DO I?



I'LL BET HE'S GONE OUT TO  
THE HAUNTED MANSION!  
WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, I'M  
GOING TOO!

HERE YOU ARE,  
LADY, ONLY I AIN'T  
STICKING AROUND.  
YOU'LL BE COMING  
BACK TO TOWN SO  
FAST YOU WON'T  
NEED A CAB!

THAT'S  
YOUR  
OPINION!

WHO'S AFRAID  
OF AN OLD  
HOUSE!

AH!  
A  
VISITOR!

WODAH!

OH!

WODAH!

DO... I.....  
HEAR... HEAR...  
WH..WH..WH..WH..  
WHISPERS? I'D  
BETTER GO...  
GO... UPSTAIRS!

WODAH!

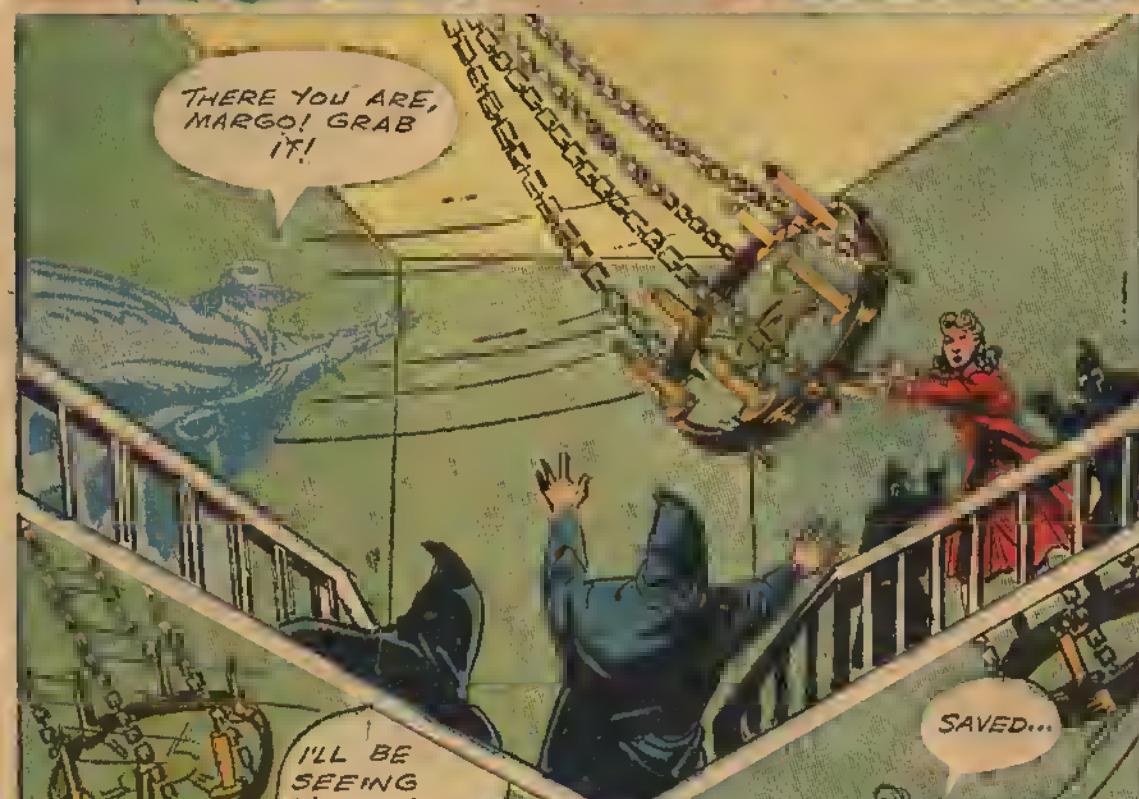




SINCE MARGO  
STARTED UP,  
I'LL HAVE TO  
FOLLOW... THE  
SHORT WAY!



OF COURSE MARGO  
WOULD TAKE THOSE  
OTHER STAIRS, BUT  
I'LL FIX THAT! I'LL  
HOOK THAT CHAIN  
CHANDLER...



THERE YOU ARE,  
MARGO! GRAB  
IT!



I'LL BE  
SEEING  
YOU... I  
HOPE NOT!



SAVED...



STATE POLICE  
FROM TWO  
STATES...

YES, I INFORMED  
BOTH GOVERNORS  
THAT THIS STATE  
LINE MANSION WAS  
PROBABLY THE  
BANK ROBBERS'  
HIDE-AWAY

BY USING IT, THEY  
COULD HOP INTO  
EITHER STATE IF  
POLICE CAME FROM  
THE OTHER. SO I  
ARRANGED FOR  
POLICE FROM BOTH!



BECUSE  
WODAHS IS  
SHADOW  
SPELLED  
BACKWARD!

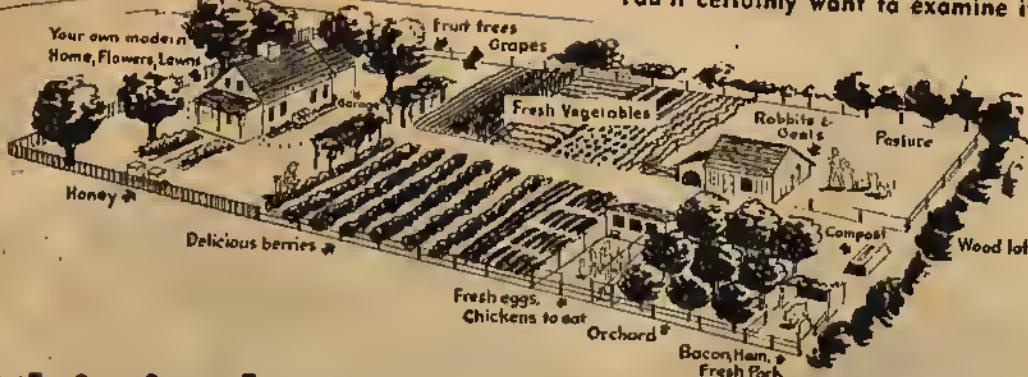
AND THE  
SHADOW  
STANDS FOR  
RIGHT, WHILE  
THE WODAHS  
STOOD FOR  
WRONG. I  
SEE!

I UNDERSTAND  
THAT. BUT WHY  
WHY DID THEY  
CALL THEMSELVES  
WODAHS!



YOUR WASTE PAPER  
ISN'T WASTE PAPER  
UNLESS YOU  
WASTE IT!





"A little land and a lot of living" . . .  
that's what my "Have-More" Plan  
tells you about.  
You'll certainly want to examine it.

# "This is the way I want to live—the rest of my life!"



Mrs. Robinson, Jackie, and I aren't selling any land nor promoting anybody's products. We only want to tell you how we've learned to have more fun, more health and more security than 98% of this world's families has ever had.

This morning for breakfast I had fresh berries and cream, a mouth-watering salad of ham and eggs, raspberry jam and toast and coffee. The toast and coffee we bought at the store. The rest we raised on our little "Have-More" Homestead.

That breakfast, to me, is just a sample of part of the difference our "Have-More" Plan makes in the way people can live.

The strictly city dweller who buys everything he eats is liable to have a tonsil-and-coffee life.

The family which does as we are doing gets the "cream"—and the berries and the ham and eggs and the jam, I guess this sounds boastful, but I don't mean it so. It is just the truth. Mrs. Robinson and I have for the Plan we've worked out. We call it our "Have-More" Plan because that's how it works for us . . . we have more of just about everything that makes life worth living!

Our "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how we Robinsons moved from the city to our small place in the nearby country to find "a little land and a lot more living" while I kept a regular full-time job.

It tells how we grow most of our family's food in space time—thus fun doing it—have better living—more sun, shade and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact, as I said before, more of just about everything!

## All the Details

My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words, 73 illustrations, many actual photographs of our own place. And I've kept the price as low as I could, only \$1.00.

I tell just how we do things—all our shortcuts, ideas, time-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of really fresh eggs, a wonderful garden, delicious rabbit meat, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, geese, turkeys, squash, spring lamb, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, delicious grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc.—how we use the latest, easiest preserving methods, including quick freezing. (Note: no one family should start all these projects at once. But we describe them all so you can take your pick).

## No "Magic" About It

Now please don't get me wrong. This is no "crackpot theory" on how to make an easy living! I suppose that if you absolutely had to, you could live a long time entirely off a small place like our two acres. But that would be just existing, not really living.

You've got to have some cash income—from a job or a pension or something. What I'm saying is that with my "Have-More" Plan you can make a small cash income into the best and happiest kind of a living any man could want. That's why we call it our "Have-More" Plan.

Furthermore, you and your wife have to be real partners and enjoy working together. If either of you think of the housework and the chores as just drudgery, you better go live in a boarding house or a two room apartment. Personally, we wish we could spend more time working around our place—it's so interesting.

## Will You Join Us?

A friend said, the other day, "Ed, why do you bother with other people? Why don't you settle down and just enjoy your own job and your 'Have-More' Homestead? Why try to spread it all over the country?" I may sound silly trying to tell you why. This is my job now. I am putting full time into gathering information on country living . . . for ourselves and others. I feel, somehow, that in the years to come the U. S. is going to need all the help it can get toward happiness and peace and security. We aren't always going to have a war going on. I've got a boy I want to see grow up in a good country, and if ten or twenty million American families can get set as well as the Robinson family is, I don't think anything can hurt this nation.

Do you see what I mean? That's why I've worked so hard putting this Plan together. That's why I was so careful to be truthful and sensible in everything we put in it. And that's why I've kept the price as low as I possibly could—only \$1.00 postpaid.

## Now It's Up to You!

So if you are one of our kind of people, if you want to have a look at our "Have-More" Plan, just fill in the coupon here and send it to me. When you get the Plan—by return mail—look it over. If you are disappointed in it in any way, or if it doesn't suit you, put it right back in the package and return it to me. I'll give you your dollar back and send you a dime for your postage.

On the other hand, if you like it, and I am sure you will, help me by showing it to your friends and getting them to start a "Have-More" Homestead also.

Yours for "a little land and a lot of living"—

*Ed Robinson*

P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.

Send to ED ROBINSON  
P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.  
Dear Ed:



Here's your dollar. I want to see your "Have-More" Plan. If it's what I want, I'll keep it. If not, I'll send it back and you're to return my money—and we'll still be friends.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(Please make checks \$1.00 to cover bank charge.)

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